

Yellow Men Versus White

SHARP as is the surface friction between Chinese and Japanese, many students of events foresee its submergence in a union of the yellow races against the white, such as Japanese propaganda is already suggesting in China.

The pitiful results of white diplomacy upon China, newly emphasized by the Arms Conference, are likely to give this latent tendency a profound impulse.

By bitter experience China has learned to expect nothing from British policy. Stripped of hypocritical phrases, that policy is one of calm exploitation, as relentless if not as "raw" now as when Britain maintained its profitable opium trade in China at the bayonet point.

From the United States more had been hoped for by liberal Chinese. We Americans have won their esteem by our failure thus far to infringe on Chinese rights, by occasional acts of generosity and by much official protestation of good will.

It is now, however, apparent that mere good will by the United States is not enough to drive the wolves out of China.

Since the limit of our helpfulness is simply repetitive expressions of a desire for fair play, without provision for its enforcement, young China begins to see that enforcement is a job it must organize itself.

As at Versailles, young China will carry home from Washington knowledge that its protection must be home made. It is facing the profound truth that Providence helps those who help themselves.

That these capable people, emerging from the inertia of their traditional pacifism, will see the necessity and develop the means of meeting it, who can doubt?

The continuous triumphs of Japan on battlefields and in diplomatic councils as a result of centralized power guided by a highly developed will for conquest present too near and vivid an example not to react upon China's awakened consciousness.

So the white races face the certainty that the China of the future will not be the football of the past.

But Japan, too, must be reckoned with in this connection.

The swaggering, bullying policy by which Japan began its career of expansion on the mainland of Asia may have been due to inexperience. We must assume the existence of enough intelligence in this extraordinarily efficient island empire to perceive and correct such folly in tactics.

The white races would be most unwise to base their plan of defense upon continued stupidity of the yellow.

When Japan learns the superiority of cunning over force and undertakes on a great scale what she is now tentatively beginning, an expert propaganda of yellow union against white aggression, then will come the time of white peril.

It may be nearer than we think. The conflict between the white races and the yellow races is coming. The sooner the white race realize it the more likely they will be to survive.

Wanted: New Invention

SIDE by side in a newspaper appear two items.

One announces a new method of submarine cable construction by which messages can be sent across the ocean six times faster than heretofore.

The other tells of a sorcerer in a country district in France who declared that a certain farmer was causing stock to die and crops to wither, thereby inducing the farmer's relatives to kill him.

To most people the first announcement will appear as a step forward in civilization. And all will agree that the second item chronicles an incident which belongs to the Middle Ages.

It is the common belief that ease and rapidity of communication pave the way for civilization's advance. Far be it from us to deny so widely accepted a belief. We merely suggest some puzzling food for thought:

Lies, calumnies, deceitful propaganda, prejudices and ignorant convictions travel just as fast by mail, by telephone, by telegraph and by cable as does the truth.

A doctor may be able to save a patient's life by wireless. A Kaiser has mobilized his army and plunged the world into distress by means of the telegraph.

The story of the French sorcerer was flashed across the ocean quickly. The wisdom of Greece and of Rome, the moral teachings of the philosophers of Egypt, of Assyria and of India have not reached us yet, even after two thousand years. Somewhere along the line, perhaps, a messenger boy is asleep.

What is the trouble? Cannot Edison or Pupin invent a multiplex cable that will only transmit the truth—and transmit it p. d. q?

Facing the People.

SLOWLY, grudgingly, the Republican leaders are making up their minds as the Congressional election approaches to keep their pledge and pass the Soldiers' Bonus Bill.

These Republican members of Congress, remembering their pledge and the justice of the bonus itself, feel less and less like facing their constituents back home with their pledge dishonored and justice to the soldier denied.

Secretary of the Treasury Mellon, a millionaire banker from Pittsburgh, still remains obdurate. He continues to oppose the bonus bill, because, as he says, the financial condition of the country will not warrant it. He is especially sensitive about attempting to make the foreign nations owing us money pay the cost of this bonus out of the debts they owe us.

Mr. Mellon, however, was not lectured to his office. He does not have to face a constituency of the American people next fall.

Now, the bankers, particularly the international bankers, don't want us to trouble England and France concerning the billions of debt they owe us.

Mr. Mellon is in the National Government to represent his peculiar constituency. He does not have to worry about the approaching election. Therefore, he is a dangerous man for the Republican party to accept as a guide.

If the soldiers do not get their adjusted compensation, called a bonus, it will be their own fault, for they can get it if they fight hard enough for it.

THE ISSUE

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Politicians always try to dodge. Their effort is to play both ends against the middle. But on this commanding issue of the continued independence or dangerous entanglement of our nation they are not going to be permitted to dodge.

THEY'RE HUMAN

By William Atherton Du Puy

Of course even a President of the United States must have his moments of relaxation, and so Warren G. Harding had foregathered in a quiet room at the National Press Club and given himself over to a social evening with some of his fellow newspaper men.

And they told stories, and here is one related by the President:

It was summer time in Ohio; there was no school, and boys of the twelve-year class were feeling the lure of financial adventure. So a group of three, of which one, Warren Harding was a member, formed a barn-painting corporation. They went into the country and engaged to save buildings from premature decay by smearing paint all over them.

One day they encountered a quite canny, not to say tight, farmer, who was suspicious of the estimate of \$20 the boys placed on a barn-furnish. He insisted instead that they contract to work by the day.

This they did. They found, however, that the incentive to haste was not as great as under the flat price system. Young Harding's part of the job was that of painting the cupola on top of the barn. It was hot up there and quite necessary that he follow the shade around, else there might have been a sunstroke.

Thus it happened that the per diem expense of painting the stinky farmer's barn amounted to \$42, which was quite some money, even when split three ways.

Admiral Henry B. Wilson, who commanded the United States naval forces in France during the war, was a member of that famous class of '31 at Annapolis, the members of which were discharged because there were no places for them in the service. Secretary Weeks, of the War Department, was a member of this class, as was General Barnett, former commandant of marines.

Two years after graduation these youngsters were called back for competitive examinations to select a staff of service officers. Wilson was one of the seven who got past, and Weeks and Barnett were among the majority who flunked.

Miss Cynthia Cleveland, who is a cousin of the late Grover Cleveland, and who lives quietly in Washington, claims to have been the first woman in the United States to have made a political speech.

The Beauty Seekers

By Angela Morgan.

The Thin One.

FOLKS say that if a person will eat Plenty of fat and plenty of sweet, All one's bones'll be covered o'er Thick as plush on the parlor floor. Well! I've tried with all my might, Napped all day and slept all night. Can't get flesh to come my way 'Spite of all the people say!

The Plump One.

Well, I've tramped till I ache-and ache, I've trudged and toiled for beauty's sake, I've climbed the mountains, plied the oar, Swung the bells till I'm stiff and sore. Swimming, diving, tennis, 'golf'—Nothing takes the plumpness off!

Miss Freckles.

Plenty of cream and plenty of milk Makes complexion soft as silk; Spread it thickly ere you sleep, 'Tis a lovely skin you'd keep. In spite of all I've done, I'll count them, one by one!

All Together.

Don't some person tell you why Men are honored till they die Whether fat or lean or thin? Bushy hair or none at all; Freckled, furrowed, or not! All man's failings are forgot! Woman loves him as he is, Loves his faults because they're his. Husbands, lovers! Let us be Free and glad as you are free!

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A CLASSICAL NIGHT

By "BUGS" BAER

NEW YORK, Jan. 31.

WENT up to pipe George Herriman's "Krazy Kat" ballet donated by Adolph Bumm or one of those Bumm family. One of those things where borrowed Tuxedos are official. If not symmetrical.

KRAZY and Ignatz were last on bill. Had to inhale entire contents of one classical night before escaping.

FIRST, some big fat refugee from some rivet conservatory stepped forth and inflicted cruel and unusual notes on piano. First piece she established was "Beggars in the Snow." Very pretty before snow turned to slush.

THEN she attacked beautiful sentiment entitled "The Dying Child. Assisted by stringy orchestra in which trombone player seemed to have most influence. Child croaked all right. Orchestra should have played on symphonic hot-water bottles and baby might have lived to cheat doctor out of bill.

"SEA GULLS AT BAR HARBOR" was next fragment of loose harmony tore off by soloist, followed by spasmodic trembles entitled "Catastroph at Twilight."

THEN some sinister suburbanite's wife broke loose from dozing attendants and worked herself into hysterical frenzy over "The May Be Dishes in the Sink, but There's a Rainbow in Peru."

IT was greeted with richly embroidered coughs and sniffles by our best mezzanine society. Another female canary waddled out assisted slightly by complications in her arch supporters and buzzed something too classical to contemplate nature's benevolent ivory covering our skulls.

SHE sang from all corners of her face. Delighted murmurs of recognition flooded her audience as she snapped at two sour notes and won herself one more wrinkle in her neck.

ALL she proved was that you don't have to be good looking to be funny. If there is ever any war between Chaucer and Shakespeare could play any for both sides.

SHE wore dress that admitted nothing of emotion for her song to a child. Harmonized with her muscular volition. One of those classical singers is that they work without encouragement and attack no amendments.

Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

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By K. C. B.

Dear K. C. B.—When you wanted a man to work for you why didn't you hire a white man instead of a Jap? Don't you know there are thousands of ex-service men out of work who would be glad to do most anything for an honest dollar? And why don't you read what Mr. Hearst has to say about the Japanese? He's paying your wages, isn't he?

AN EX-SERVICE MAN.

IN THE first place.	WHO WOULD do the work.
YOU HAVE it all wrong.	I HAD to have done.
WHEN YOU suggest.	AND IT'S very easy.
THAT I'M employed.	TO FIND a Jap.
BY MR. Hearst.	AND I hired one.
AS A matter of fact.	AND I'M very sorry.
HE'S EMPLOYED by me.	BUT SOMEHOW or other.
I WRITE the stuff.	AS I look out.
AND SEND it to him.	FROM WHERE I work.
AND THEN he prints it.	AND SEE Yokohama.
AND SELLS it to you.	DOING HIS tasks.
AND COLLECTS the money.	AS THOROUGHLY.
AND SENDS it to me.	AS THEY could be done.
WHEN HE takes his bit.	AND HEAR his voice.
FOR THE work he does.	IN SOME Nipponese song.
AND I'LL say for him.	THAT HE probably learned.
HE'S THE very best man.	WHEN THEY let him down.
EVER WORKED for me.	FROM HIS mother's back.
AND ABOUT the Jap.	AND HE started to walk.
I'M FREE to confess.	I HAVE a feeling.
I WOULD have preferred.	THAT HE who created.
AN EX-SERVICE man.	THE UNIVERSE
BUT JUST at the moment.	DOESN'T VERY much care.
I COULDN'T find one.	IF I hire a Jap.
	OR A colored man.
	OR THE Prince of Wales.



Future Protection Is The Lesson of The Knickerbocker Disaster

By BILL PRICE.

Great catastrophes, with shocking loss of life, bring progress, enlightenment, and increased precautions for future safety.

The Knickerbocker horror is under official investigation, and out of the conflicting maze of fact and theory there doubtless will come action that will result in immeasurable benefits to this community and throughout the cities of the world. The disaster has carried its lesson to every municipality where there are large buildings for public entertainment, and it is safe to say that there are thousands of buildings now undergoing inspection and scrutiny for possible structural weaknesses which would never have received official or other attention but for the sacrifice of so many lives in the Capital of this nation.

The investigations here will seek to fix responsibility for the collapse of the theater. If there has been criminal neglect, proper punishment will be sought by the proper officials. The people of Washington demand only that the fullest possible light shall be shed and every effort exerted to ascertain whether protection of the public was sacrificed to cheapness of construction or through irresponsibility, concern, faulty engineering or defective material.

The next demand is that repetition of the calamity be avoided, if possible, by every modern safeguard.

There is already too much wildness of statement by high officials and others that the "District reeks with traps where human life is unsafe." That sort of thing is the inevitable consequence of the excitement of the moment, and tends to keep the public apprehensive, business disturbed, and a feverish state of mind which does no good.

The awful toll of human life has set practically every agency to work examining existing buildings, and mechanics are already making suspected weak spots stronger.

Satisfied that official investigations will reach the facts as to the awful occurrence of less than a week ago, let us turn our faces toward safeguarding the future through constructive and helpful suggestions to Congress, because that body seems to be the only one that can apply the remedies.

Doctors and lawyers are required to submit to examinations before they are allowed to practice in the District of Columbia. Our theaters, hotels, churches and other buildings may be designed by anybody, responsible or otherwise. There is no licensing of architects or structural engineers. All engineering societies indorse the licensed engineer plan. Seventeen States have laws requiring such licensing, and these laws put responsibility upon the engineers for safe construction. The dangers of faulty design and poor construction are reduced to a minimum.

Licensing a physician is to protect humanity against ignorance. Is the public not entitled to as much protection against possible faulty engineering or the temptation to rush a building to completion at cheapest cost? There is only one answer.

Before submission to the building inspector's office of the District government for approval all structural designs should be prepared and signed by a licensed engineer, who has demonstrated his fitness, wisdom and experience by examination before a proper commission.

Thorough revision of the rules of the building inspector's office, and the granting by Congress to that office of appropriations for salaries sufficient to provide a working force, are just as important as the licensing of architects and engineers.

Congress cannot escape retrospection at this time. For many years the building inspector of the District has, in his annual reports, called attention to the inadequacy of the force under him and to the miserably low salaries paid there. Congress has ignored these urgent requests.

The cold facts stand out that in the building inspector's office there is just one computer, a civil engineer, at a salary of \$2,000 a year, who must **SINGLE-HANDED PASS ON THE STRUCTURAL DESIGNS FOR EVERY BUILDING IN THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.**

Two other engineers at salaries below \$2,000 have divided duties. One passes upon steel and cement construction, and another is engaged in checking and inspection. There are just five inspectors of all classes of building in this large city. The highest salary of \$1,360 per annum. They are allowed \$2.50 a month for car fare for inspection purposes.

In years when much construction is under way the inadequacy of all this, the poor salaries, call loudly for action in Congress.

Investigations will serve a useful purpose, BUT glaring facts can not be overlooked. The penurious attitude of Congress toward the District, in nearly every municipal activity, **STANDS OUT** Congress has too long turned a deaf ear to the pleas of the District Commissioners and the public for more liberal treatment in appropriations.